Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 4

The Miracle

Back parking back parking

Love is a game, someone has the flame, and yet someone does not feel the same. Being in love is finding one another, being happy as friends and as a lover, and making a commitment to one another, having a family, and growing older. Taking the vows that will last forever, and promising that there will never be another. We will share the memories and all those pictures with others.

Yes, you are the game that I want to play; someday we will be

together in the golden hey, together next to one another we shall stay, in the making of memories that will last from day-to-day. Is this love, because I have nothing more to say?

~Nevaeh~

Chapter: 22

Shy Virgin of Everything

(Summer of 2010) Chiaz Natherth- It was just going to be a typical summer day. I am at the local watering hole with my bud Melvin

Shezor; we were just there to gaze at the girl gaze, sitting on lawn chairs. I had warm lemonade in my right hand at the time. I am looking around at all the bodies that are bobbing in the water; they all just seem to blend. The lifeguard is blowing her whistle while screaming at the little kids that are running around. Some stunning bodies are smacking the cold blue water with great speed, from the high dive.

But- there is no more perfect figure there than hers. Everyone else seems to fade away out of my vision,

along with all the ear-shattering noises. Bryan Adams ‘Heaven’ is playing in the background, and it seemed to be pronounced to my senses. When I am looking at her, it is like she is moving in slow motion, swimming across the pool. She climbed up the ladder and out of the pool. Her body dripping with water… what a moment, there is even water dripping down her chest. She looks amazing in that petite pink bikini. I was thinking to myself, that is a very cute looking camel-toe you got showing there Nevaeh! I never knew that she

had a heart-shaped belly button piercing, when did that happen?

Also, I could tell that her swimsuit was made by her, just like most of the sun-dresses she wears in the summertime too. Because it was not like any others I have ever seen around, it is cute, somewhat skimpy, and tailored to her perfect body. The fabric was not meant to get wet, it was somewhat see-through, yet she did not know, though it looks very good what can I say. She is walking towards me while running her fingers through her

long brown hair. ‘I was thinking this is too good to be for real.’ She walked by and said ‘hi!’ and I was at loss for words. She was already gone, but I still babbled something like ‘Ahh-he-oll-o.’ At that point, into the changing room, she went, and I just sat there trying to fathom what had just happened.

Melvin Shezor- ‘Chiaz! Ah, Chiaz! Hello, earth to Chiaz, snap out of its dude.’

Chiaz Naztherth- ‘She is so fine! I would not mind having her on my arm.’

Melvin Shezor- ‘Yah, the man she is not bad. But- isn’t she into girls though.

So, do you like Nevaeh?’

Chiaz Naztherth- ‘I do not think that she is, and well… Yes, did you see her in that swimsuit? She is adorable in every way.’

Melvin Shezor- ‘Really is that so? Go talk to her!’

Chiaz Naztherth- ‘No way!’

Melvin Shezor- ‘Why not, you pussy!’

Chiaz Naztherth- ‘If Alissa finds out that I like her, or even looked at her I am going to die.’

Melvin Shezor- ‘Ha, it sucks to be you man.’

Chiaz Natherth- ‘Hey, I will see you later, I got to go.’ (Text messages are going off… like crazy)

Melvin Shezor- ‘Pu-ss-y!’ (Shouting as Chiaz Natherth is walking out the exit gate.)

(Chiaz- He just waved it off, with the finger that is not supposed to

be used in public, and does not think any more about it from that point on.)

Chiaz Naztherth- Summer is over! Yet she is with him… he is so unconfident in himself that he has to follow me around. He gives me vain advice on what to do, and how to do it, yet I would have to say I need to stand up for myself more than what I do, yet I do not because of her. He attempts to belittle me, with his words of temperament to her. These results lead to her having breakdowns, where she is feeling miserable because she is stuck

in the middle. She does not know what to do! She doesn't know how to feel! She does not want to hurt anyone's feelings, yet she is the one that is left to choke on her tears. Yes, I will save you long before you drowned!

(Two weeks has passed)

Chiaz- I understand that he is just jealous of me because I am everything he wants to be. Yet she is everything that I ever wanted in my life. That is why he took her away from me from the beginning. I cannot believe that she is now going with him on and

off. What has he done to her, what is he doing to her? Some people do not want you, but they do not want to see you be with, or- around anybody else. It was all part of the controller's plan… and we all know who controls every situation in 'The Land of Many Steeples', the ones that deceives us all… but who is she? Is it still unknown? He is scared that I am going to take her away, and I will!

You just wait and see. She is going to be with me, and you will be, nothing but a faded memory, of what was I thinking? All of you who doubted

me, just sit back, and wait to see what is going to be, I am the one that will have the mastery, and you all will be left to wallow in your misery, and you can think about every time that you made her cry. You just wait and see! I have to wait for the collapse!

Oh, yes, my best friend betrayed me. If you want something never to be spoken, keep it solely to yourself, because once it is vocalized to another it is no longer a secret. Information that is given to others, is the fuel for their fire, for their torches

of destruction. He may have her now; however, I will end up with her in the end. It is only a matter of time. So far, in my life, I have gotten everything, which I have wanted, and she will be no different. I feel that I deserve her next to me, as does she… or at least she did.

What have I done wrong?

Maybe I should have risked my life, all for her. Maybe I should still. However, would she accept me now, back parking, self-conscious, or is it too late? Has my time come and passed? I do not understand how, when, or why. Why

would she want to do this? How could she do this to me, I am insulted. When did he talk to her, they are not even close to being in the same click? What is his motive, yet I think I know! How did he get her to say yes? I know she is going to get hurt here, yet that is what she seems to want right now.

Okay then…! Then again, the tower knows what we all need, and she destroys the fate of what could have started, and what might have gone together, and may have been if it was not for her, she even stops what will be

in the forthcoming. Her baby blue eyes melt my heart. Yet the hearts' is split into two, I cannot wait until the day that I can take her in my arms. Nevertheless, I am growing tired of waiting all my life for her. 'My Nevaeh! You have a choice to make, but will it be you and him, or you and me?' The decision is yours to make and select the right person for you, regardless of any situations that may arise from the ashes. So, I can hold you in my arms at last, so that we can get on with life, that was meant to be.

Nevaeh- Some people will never have peace with you; however, you do not need them to reach your destiny. They are just trying to take up your time and energy from us, which we should use to thrive. Not everybody is going to understand me; just the same as I am not going to understand you, or anyone that is surrounded by me. If you do not accept me that is not my problem, it is yours. Just like with him if you want her, then go and be with her! Stop playing head games with me! I am not going to be your dirty

little secret, which you come to find when it suits you! Go and play with her, I am going to find someone to play with too, which is for sure!

You will be sorry! I will always be kind and respectful to anyone, do I have to agree with you, no not at all. The same can be said for the family they are not always going to get your dreams. Do not let family members stop you from your true calling in life, some people just want to waste your time, if they do not see or understand you then they're in the wrong. ‘Do not ever get

engaged into a battle that you do not need to fight’ The same can be said with me and my tower situation I may be combating a battle that will take me away from my divine destiny.

Chiaz Nazareth- The whole job of the tower is to distort and manipulate their negative energy upon you. So, you lose touch with your true faith and the origin of life's understandings of reaching your goals. The goals include finding compatibility, passion, drives, and excellence with mastery. The best thing you can do is

shake off their negative thoughts, move on to forget about them leaving them alone. Yes, eventually if you leave them alone long enough it will drive them nuts. All they want is your never-ending attention.

They are trying to push us down in all the ways that they can. But- if you do not let them, that is more annoying to them than fighting back. Always stand up for yourself, stand your ground, stick up for yourself however no when to pull out of the situation. Sometimes it is not always

good to go with a temptation urge. Go with your gut and heart. That is what we did.

The perfect girl what can I say; to be so close yet, feel miles away. I want to run to her, but have to walk out the door going the other way. The only words spoken to her are- ‘Have a nice day.’ I think about her and the summer, and what it could have been with her. It reminds me of- sixteen, you are on my mind all the time. I think about you. It is like a vision of the stars shining,

ribbon wearing, bracelet making, and holding hands forever.

All the sunflowers in the hayfields and kissing in the rain, no more brick walls, no more falling teardrops of pain, and no more jigsaw puzzle pieces would remain. True love should not be such a game; does she feel the same. She is everything that I cannot have, and everything I lack. What if every day could be like this- Diamond rings, football games, and movies on the weekends? It is easy to see she belongs to me; she is

everything that reminds me of ‘sixteen’ everything that is in my dreams. Everything she does is amazing, but then again, I am just speculating, and fantasizing about Nevaeh Natalie, who just turned the age of sixteen!

Nevaeh- I recall my first boy kiss was not at all, what I thought it was going to be like. I was wearing a light pink dress, and flip-flops that were also pink with white daisy flowers printed on them. I loosened my ponytail and flipped out my hair until my hair dropped down my back, and around my

shoulders. That gets A guy going every time, so I have read online. He was wearing ripped-up jeans and a Led Zeppelin t-shirt.

He said that- ‘My eyes sparkled in blue amazement, which was breathtaking, that he never saw before.’ Tell me another line… I was thinking, while Phil Collins ‘Take Me Home’ was playing in the background. I smiled at him, he began to slowly lean into me, until our lips locked. So, enjoy, he kissed me, and my heart was all aflutter.

When it happened, I felt like I was floating, and my stomach had butterflies.

My eyes fastened shut with no intentions of me doing so during the whole thing. When my eyes unfastened my feelings of touch engaged, and I realized that his hands are on my hips. His hands slowly moved up my waist, and my body. I was trembling from the exhilaration. Plus, one thing led to another. It was sort of my first time, kissing and playing with him you know a boy, oh yet not really, I had gotten to

do some things with Chiaz before like, in class as he sat next to me. I would rub my hand on it under the desks- yeah, he liked that, and he would be.

Oh, how could I forget this… there was this one time in the front seat of his Ford pickup truck, we snuck off… and this was my first true time gulping down on him, for a lack of a better term. As I had my head in his lap and was about to move up for him to go in me down there, I was about to get on top and let him in me. When we both heard her this odd, yet remarkably loud

scream of bloody murder! Ava was saying- ‘You too were going to fuck! What the fuck is going on here? Anyways, Ava spotted us before he got to ‘Take me!’

So, there was her little face pressed on the glass, looking in at us mortified outside the window, as she was getting a free show, as the truck was rocking side to side, in the back parking lot. She asked- ‘Did you do to him; what I think you did?’ As you could guess, I could not talk with my mouth full, and a lady does not spit…!

So, most of that went down, and some got stuck on my tonsils. I said with a hacking cough- ‘Yes, yes I am! Suck on that Ava!’ She said- ‘It looks like you already did!’

This was sweet payback for what they did to my car, and I truly thought I loved him anyway. It was so worth it. So yeah, you get the picture, and when she screamed, he ended up with my teeth there also, from me jumping out of surprise- Sorry! She kind of killed the loving moment, to say the least. That weekend I was told to

confess that one, too to the father, and everyone. How come when someone else does it they get away with it, and when I try it is a big sin? Plus, that cellphone video was damning, for the sisters to use, hello to a million hits on YouTube! Just to pick on me more. So now, they are referring to me as- 'The Little Virgin!' all around the towns and lands.

Yeah so, I feel that I am going to be a virgin forever! You know my virginity was meant to be broken into by him. I was going to let him, I even

recall it was so thumping big, and looked freaking scary to me, like that thing is never going to fit in there, but he is what I wanted, yet we cannot get it, nope we cannot! However, no it did not happen, sorry to say, yes, it is so sad to say, I am still the only virgin girl in my grade- that sucks! Ha- that is all we got to do is suck, come to think about it.

Wow, that was graphic sorry, but what I just said was complete, one hundred percent true! When Hope found out, she was intrigued and

stunned. We got home. She took me by the arm to my bathroom, looked at me, and said- ‘Clean yourself up, it’s all over your face, and in your hair, you-piggy!’ I just smiled and giggled, and looked down as I got into my claw-foot tub. Then she got out a bar of soap, while I was sitting in the tub with the water running saying- ‘Okay misses you like to do that, then suck on that for a while, that is your punishment.

Girl, I never heard such things!’ -She said. It was that very moment I howled. I waited until she

walked out of the room and I stood up, and I ran my fingers through my hair to get as much as I could out, I looked at it on my two fingers, I knew how I was going to get rid of what he gave me. But- would it work? I knew only time would tell. However, me- doing that would be inconceivable, I knew it would not be right, but I want it so badly, I guess my dream of him and I went down the drain too. Yet I could have trapped him, so easily. Then people dare to say that I am not smart, that plan was incredible. Either way, that

ended that prematurely for him and me. So, I got tired of playing that game, so that is when I let someone new in, which would not get me into heap trouble.

So, my true first time with a boy was like this… You can look but you cannot touch Ha- that is what I thought, I was so wrong too and it was not with him either regrettably. It was okay my heart was beating so rapidly; I thought that it was going to explode out of my chest.

The silky-smooth skin ran along my body; it was like an enchanted expression of togetherness. At last, I felt as if I was loved. But I was not with the one that I loved. His brown eyes glazed- sweetly and softly into mine. I was so looking forward to this kiss and moment all my life. However, he walked with me in his arms to his bed. Then I was on his bed stripped of all forms of dignity. The lights were off, and the door was locked, and that took me back to when I was a little girl. Loving at night just holds onto me

tight. The room is lit by the moonlight. When you are looking down at me is what you are seeing all right? This is maybe my special night. I cannot believe I am with a football player! I was not prepared at all for the performance of lovemaking. I had no idea what I was doing. I was thinking to myself this is not like the movies at all!

Yes, all the touching was extremely steamy, like before and then again, the playing around that he did on me was more intriguing, to say the least. I was thinking that he was the

sweetest guy on earth. However, all the thoughts in my mind ran fast… thoughts like should we be doing this?

Yet, I am so shy and nervous my knees were knocked beforehand. Then again, this is going to be so beautiful; I had fantasized about this moment since I was a young girl. ‘Yet, I have to say to all you girls out there, to lose it when you are ready to. Please do it for you and no one else. It is about your timing, and what you choose to do, you can choose when and whom you let in!’ So, starting I felt like my tearing

and breaking-in took forever, and that his pushing forward was never going to stop, love is painful in more than one way, it was so intense.

Yet, it was so perfect and feels so amazing with him now sliding in and out of me. It hurt at the start, but it got more enjoyable, that is for sure.

Yet also, it was like being run over by a speeding train, and I could not help but feel that he was not meant to be my first. Me being so naïve and only sixteen years of age I was so

embarrassed by the fact that I was so under-experienced in sensual activities.

I wanted to make the best of the moments of intimacy. I was happy to say that I got my first French kiss as well, but his soft little kiss was sweeter, the first time we kissed as I remember at that time. Nevertheless, during the whole thing, I was very self-conscious. I think he rushed into it though. Maybe it could have been more romantic. Then on the other hand, again it was the most incredible two minutes of my life. My body trembled afterward, it was

tension releasing all the peer pressure and an escape from the existence of life. Just like a photo, that will be etched in my mind, which I will never forget. ‘Yet I feel that I am not in love, he was just the first!’

He was so gentle with me at first, and then it was like I was getting a pounding down there, ‘Hello! My little vagina, she did not do anything wrong… for her to get spanked and beaten by you, so be nice to her.’ I do not understand why guys think that going that fast is good, slow down!

Anyways afterward, I did not think I could get up and walk out; I was in pain… yes, it was that bad. The walk of shame is not a fun path to go down. I wanted to be in love, and to feel that love. Not to be a one-night stand or just a bed buddy, and that boy made me out to be just that. Oh, well- I cannot go back now!

Chapter: 23

Heartbreaker

(The beginnings of the senior year)

Nevaeh- How does one speak up if they did not have a voice at one time? How does one get back the times in the past? How does one stop a voice that slanders? How does one rebuild their future with equal voices? How do I make all this stop from playing in my mind?

Melvin Shezor- (Number 69 on the football team) ‘Yes we have had intimate encounters; it was nice to say that she thinks she is like every other girl now. Nevertheless, I cannot say that I was in love with her, or even really liked her at all.’ ‘She is just another ass that needed a banging, so I took it, why not? From what I know, she liked it by the way she screamed… I cannot nitpick it.’ ‘It was all right; she was just like every other girl I have had for there first. That look on their face is

priceless every time.’ (Laughing with sarcasm)

Nevaeh- I have lost my crown of purity, and he just got what he wanted. However, at this point in my life, I do not care anymore about being a virgin, so I just started being with him so that it would help me become more popular.

My body is nothing to anyone- so why should I care what somebody does with it. The first day at school was the worst, he told all his friends about it. I mean that everyone knows, I

thought we were in love, I thought we would have a family together. Maybe I am just a stupid girl for thinking that way. I thought he was the one, but I guess I was wrong. Will anybody ever come along and save me from this hell? Just remember that life is not like a romance novel, and it most likely never will be like that at all for anyone.

We as a society have an impression of what is thought to be love, and that depiction is a joke. We build ourselves up for a letdown, no one or anything is perfect, and life is not

fantasy. The reality always shows through in one way or another. We all have to find someone that is going to always be there for us, no matter what we have done or what has been said in the past. If we cannot be trusted by one another then it is never going to work. We want to enjoy spending time together, not worry about it, which is what real romance is about. I feel that I am still stepping foot into my drum cadence. I play my drum beats; others may join in when they find the right rhythm. If they are out of step with me,

there is nothing wrong with playing a solo sometimes.

Chiaz Nazareth- I trusted him, by saying that I liked her… and he uses that against me. ‘A word of advice- If you like someone keeps it to yourself.’ because other guys will take what you want away from you. Yet, there is nothing I can do. I am stuck with Alissa, while she runs around on me. However, that is okay in her mind. I am just getting so sick of her moods, and one-night stands, that I have to look at. I am ending this now! I have a plan, and it is

beyond brilliant, it is like I have downloaded a thought that would be so perfect no one could ever screw it up, not even the tower.

The clan would be left to crawl under a rock in their little holes and hopefully die because they would not be able to handle it, so they would have no choice but to leave us alone. I cannot leave her now. It is forbidden, and it seems that there is always something or someone in the way of her and me… from being together. But- yet I do not know if she is going to go

along with this plan or not, she is a mystery behind blue eyes. But- she holds the key to my heart and our freedom.

Melvin is just using her, as for me I would treasure every moment I would have with her. I can tell that he is afraid of losing her; by the remarks that he makes about me, that I need to change so that she would be interested in me. However, I know that she is interested in me. Then again, at this point, she cannot break up with him because; she is afraid of him, and what

he might do to her, or say about her. Let us not forget would be accepted as a couple? Since we all have to bow down to what is known.

Why is it anyone's business if we want to be together? Nevaeh, you have a choice to make, choose wisely. You know what is so amusing about this is that Melvin does not even think that I know about his relationship. So, as of now, we are blocked from following one another on the wall and the webs and forced apart by parents and lands and so-called friends. I wanted to be the

first guy in her life, I wanted to be the first guy that she kissed affectionately, and I wanted to be her first in everything. Oh, while that dream is lost forever, but I would still love for us to be together. Let's just leave this land of never; I will be right here waiting for you whenever let us be together!

Nevaeh- When you toss something or someone away, where does it go? It is just the same as not missing a family that I have never had- I guess. I was left to be buried under more useless substances, in a heap of

forgetfulness, yet I dug myself back up, and out of the burial ground, they put me on top of, time and time again. Just for them to track me down and cover me over once more with their dirt as if I am trash. Besides, society just wants more matter to throw away, instead of embracing what they once had.

This reminds me of the fact that a lot of girls out there are used and then thrown away when the boys are left to go on as someone new and do it all over again. As well as, break yet another girl's heart. I should know it

happened to me! Just like they can keep trying to kill me, yet I know I will stay thriving! Just when I thought, all was lost completely and everything was helpless, while I have hit rock bottom once more.

Chapter: 24

Sweetheart

(Enchanted Dating)

I was in the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams as always, looking over the horizon out my bedroom

window, I unlocked it to sit in the big window seal seat.

That is when…! At last, I saw that old silver Ford chariot coming down the lane; it was him coming to sweep me away off my feet. I just know it; I felt like what should I do now? Because my hair is not that long to cascade over and down the side of this place? Do I wave at him like a mindless idiot- nah? Nope, I went for the more laid-back approach, of yelling his name like a little girl and falling out the window stark naked. Rolling head over

feet down the ruff shingle porch roof snagging the tree, then falling right into his arms as he ran to catch me. That worked well…? If only, I had wings?

He said- I was walking to the door to get you, you did not need to do that, nice outfit by the way. He spoke. I could have died in his arms, for many reasons- as you could guess. I just said all my uniforms are going to be washed, and I did not expect this to happen. I always did have a way of making an entrance. Yes, and the rest

is history. However, let me explain this- So, knock, knock, and knock he went on my door. Hope she opened the big heavy wood door, with me in his arms.

Looking confused and dumbfounded.

‘I thought you were in your room? Nevaeh! What on earth are you doing, like that with him?’ -She said ‘Oh- I was… I just fell out of my window?’ -I said. ‘Hello!’ He said also, awkwardly! Hope- ‘Oh my god!

Baby… are you okay?’

‘Yeah? I am good now!’-I said, yet he had a funny little smile on his face at that time. ‘Can I take her out?’ -he said. ‘I don’t know!’- Hope said. So, he just kept asking her until she said ‘Yes!’ Hope- ‘Sure- all right, but for God-sakes girls go and put something on!’ ‘Ah- would you excuse me’ -I said, as I ran up the staircase like a bolt of lightning to my room, to put on the same unclean tattered uniform, from the school day.

Hope- ‘You think it is like she does not have anything to where?’ She

said to him. (I do not, I was thinking to myself. As I was overhearing their soft chats about me.) ‘That’s okay,’ he said. ‘Okay let’s go!’ -I said. I could never-guessed, -I would have never thought this was going to happen…! So, he was going to propose to me that night, on the hill of hills, while looking down at the valley below on the cable tracks that go north and south, on the Johnstown inclined plane, at twilight time. And, of course, I said- ‘Yes!’ For the reasons that at last being with him from the love we both wanted, and we

both knew from the past we belong together, and that no one is going to keep us apart. Finally, this may break the curse of the tower you know my Grandmother. Will this end the clans; will they no longer stock us? I would love to have stopped, and shouted from the top of this mountain, and say- ‘We are in love at last!’ -Maybe I did?

Let us both just say that we finally got our moments in the Golden hayfields. From that day on, we had enchanted love time and time over, and we bridged the gap that made a miracle

happen, that we thought would never. We thought this was our happily ever after. The first time it was looking over the horizons with its sunset along with the golden sunflowers. Which were next to us on the grounds, that we lied on top of… everything was so perfect!

Then an unexpected problem popped up. I got so sick. So, approximately ten days or so after this date. I started coming down with what I thought was the flu, and I thought I was going to die, not the most romantic thing to happen to me. Like just when

things were finally starting to work out for me. I was blowing chunks in the morning, besides I felt like my insides were ripping out my body. Yes, even as I am, I get sick!

Yet he was the only one to comfort me in any way that he could, there are so many unanswered questions. Why do I feel this way? Is this the way I should feel? Why do I feel like I have everything that I need now? Yet what am I going to lose? I hope that nothing will be lost, with my angel Lily looking at him and me, I know that she

is so happy for me! She was looking perfectly crying from her eyes, heavenly tears of joy as he got down on his knee that day. She said- ‘See!’ Though my joy always ends fast, Hope, she was not at all thrilled when she found out about us being engaged. She said- ‘You are too young, and you will end up alone in the end. I am not allowing this to go on. End it now- you hear me!’

‘No!’ -I said back!

(I will come back to this shortly.)

Thinking back on our past days. Why was I so stupid to let somebody take advantage of me just for popularity back then? Was that what was supposed to happen, so that you found your way to me? When you are under pressure, and you let society make choices for you. You just do not realize at that time. If that may or may not benefit you in the coming up days, something’s like many things might not even be foreseen, and others may just pop out at you when you are not even expecting them to.

My advice to anyone is … go to extremes to get to know someone special… even if you think it is not worthy at the time, it may just be… just look at me for example! We live in a society where most girls have had at least two boyfriends by the time they're fourteen. Besides, most guys go through girls like pairs of underwear. Kind of sad and pathetic to think that there is no longer purity in this cold world.

Oh well, I guess I am guilty of it as well. Nonetheless, there is a

miracle awaiting me at the end of this term, and I will see that face for the first time something I can truly call mine. I can love to cherish and care for them until she no longer needs me. Oh yeah, that is right I am pregnant.

Chiaz- I cannot help but wonder if this baby mine? I think he or she is? I sure hope so? Only time will tell! It has to be mine. Because of that other jerk-off, he does not want anything to do with either one of them. The baby is mine. I can just feel that he or she is!

Nevaeh- It is funny how your life changes and your priorities are predetermined or so you think, but as you get older, they change or they are forced to be changed by something that is out of your control. But it is when you take control of your destiny and follow the path that miracles happen!

Yes, I look at all things from a different perspective now. I look at the many trophies that I have gotten back from over the years for being a part of the track and softball teams, along with all the things I got for being good in the

young girls' jail. I have the medals, bits, and pieces on display now, but they mean nothing to me anymore. Not that I feel ungrateful that I made such accomplishments. However more, I feel that I am just moving on to my next project that means so much more. You can love your possessions but you will never love a possession more than another human life, this is something I have learned.

I think about all the mothers of the past, which were in my situation they were looked down upon for

becoming pregnant and in school. However, times changed and I think for the better at least for this category. I am not forced to leave their place of education at the hellhole, for having a baby growing inside of me.

Remarkably! Yes, there is nothing like peeing on about three different sticks that your boyfriend got you… to know that you are not getting your period, that you completely missed it. Yes, even the way I am, I still have to go through menstrual cycles every month.

The first days of my pregnancy I was feeling a sense of guilt for… what have I done, having to go to school like this, and knowing I am just a teen girl here, can I be a mommy? Plus, at the time I did not know what the baby was… like the sex, how to take care of him or her when they pop out, or what to do. So, that was an adventure in itself. At that time, I was not even thinking that this baby is going to have a name and be with me for the next eighteen years.

You just do not think like that, or at least I did not. Nevertheless, that was all coming fast and the nine or so months went fast, and yet horribly slow at the same time. In the beginnings of those days and times, I did not know how to tell Hope, what I did, so I did not say anything to her. Yet she knew I was… I think she felt what was going on with me before I did; she had an idea of what we were up to. Okay- teen pregnancy is tough for me to explain, it comes with joys and its pains. Being a girl is like nothing you have ever felt

before. Yeah, it changes from trimester to trimester, like a school semester.

Like in the first week's win I felt sick, breathless, and tired most of the time.

Hope was under the impression I was coming down with a disease like Multiple Sclerosis or something like that, at the beginning of those days and times. That all changed, the day I was examined and felt up by some random ass girl, and she scanned me over. Yet she is the technician. She told me to plop down on this hard table, and

somewhat on my back, then she squirted all kinds of goopy stuff on me.

Shortly after that, I could see that heartbeat up on the screen.

‘That is the earliest stars of your baby that we can see!’ She spoke.

Me- that is amazing and small. ‘So, do you know who the daddy is? Did I say- yes, I think so? ‘So, this was an oops?’ – She asked me. ‘Kind-of, yet I am okay with it.’ ‘You poor thing…!’ that was the last thing she said. As I got up and was about to walk out, and

drive in my car alone, just to go back home and sit, and ponder everything I did, and everything that was going to happen. Yet what was neat about this is I get to keep the black and white photos of my baby; I could not wait to know if it was a boy or girl.

I remember that day also. However, when she started to show, that is when everyone was talking about it. I remember that my belly felt heavy, I felt so bloated, and could not go to the bathroom even if I wanted to for days. Plus, my feet, hands, and

everything in between looked weirder than normal, I looked bizarre altogether, as if I half died. The baby inside me was not showing much the first couple of weeks but I knew that it would soon with me being so small, I knew I could not cover up for long. I walk with this belly, day in and day out. With her kicking me and moving all-around and such. Going down the halls and past all the doors of perception, even now, I do not have a uniform that fits me. That is just fine with me; I have my little girl inside me, which shows

the love we have and had. I know she belongs to him and me.

The best way to describe a kick is like a muscle spasm. My belly skin just keeps getting tighter and tighter. I know that is going to look good after the baby is born out of there. Yeah, I know my belly is going to be flabby like an old man frowning.

My boobs look like two sad eyes staring at you going cross-eyed. Will what can I say at least she will not go hungry when she gets here, that is for sure. Yeah, and to think I used to

pray for bigger ones. You know what also scares me to know that my baby is coming out of me down there…! While everyone is going to be looking at it, why- do I have to go through this? That is life for a girl I guess, being a rip, cut, and torn apart in all ways possible. who knew, that having a little bit of unprotected sex only a couple of times here and there would start all this. ‘Yet I have to ask myself, was it the making love that started all of this, or did I do this to myself?’

However, I started showing at fifteen weeks and I honestly looked like I swallowed a small beach ball! I could not get up off the loveseat on my own and getting out of bed was impossible, yet I had to. Oh, when I walk, it feels like she might come right out of my vagina! As I penguin-walk down the hall at school, everyone that sees me wants to put their hands all up in my business, and touch, feel, and poke everything I have, well at least it is kinder than what the sisters did, and do to me. It is like they want to still kill

me, and even now my unborn baby! Hope and I have a restraining order on them, so hopefully, that will keep them at least one hundred feet away at all times. That is the theory.

Nevertheless, that does not stop them from getting other boys and girls that are their friends to do their evil. There is no stopping the clans that bully…! Just like the teen moms in the past. Who were they to make such judgments on those girls back then? Why was it looked down upon back then, and not so much now? Did society

change? Besides, why should it ever be okay to look down on somebody for carrying a human life? Life is just going to happen, and we cannot stop it. Yet if we do stop that human life is that not considered immoral at-least I think so? I should know I stopped mine at one point. Yet some are going to try in more ways than one on me to stop it again. In the days to come!

(Life comes and goes)

Maiara Chenoa was one of my true friends, but she left me also later that year. All she had to do was say my

name, and I was forever there for her. Even when we did not see eye to eye. It was said that she stabbed herself in the neck and so on, with a large butcher's knife, and shot herself also that was what truly ended it all. It was said that she had a slow painful death, that she bludgeoned herself in the head with her own metal baseball bat, beforehand because she lost her mind over me, in the graveyard.

This took place right after my engagement… about two days after… while I was digging myself out of a

whole once more. This happened, ‘The Land of Many Steeples’ wants us to think she did it because of me, and they want to deliberate that it was me that did this one also. Because of the note, and what it said. ‘Nevaeh- You did this to me; I will see you in hell!’ It was not me…! I was with him! Which is my alibi, and she and I were just friends at that time! I know she would never write something like that to me- would she? Nonetheless, I did not think she did.

When I found her dumped on top of Lily’s grave naked, she was all

cut up from her neck down to her belly button, with what looked- like an arrow of her blood cut in her skin pointing down to that girly spot. Furthermore, who in their right mind puts a pistol all up in their vagina six and a half inches deep, and pulls the trigger, to shoot themselves to stop their heart from beating? Then leaves it in there with their hand still holding on the handgrip, and their one long middle finger on the trigger? Who does that? I cannot believe that she would choose to do that! They did it… THEY DID IT! I knew

who did it, and so do you? They could not get at me, so they got at her, through which one of the sisters was it. I guess that is a mystery too.

Furthermore, Lily does not want to tell me because she doesn't want me to retaliate against that family. She said- ‘Payback will come, in time for them all, you need not do anything, and God, he sees it all.’

‘Yet someone needs to kick these girls in the head until they sped, so they stop hurting others. Yes, I feel that they are the ones that need to die,

not us!’ Anyways to me, that note did not look like her handwriting, and she was sped too. So why would the grammar be so perfect and not sloppy? You and I both know that she could not spell or write to save her life? I was talking with Lily to see if she can bring her back to life as she did for me, time and time again! Who knows if she will, or can?

Maybe some girls do not get a second chance at life- I guess, as I did. Why I do not know, I guess you have to be chosen for something, some die as

she did and never speak again, that is what they choose to do. Why was I chosen to live on once more, and not she too? However, I can feel her presence around me at times, yet I do not know if it is the good energies, she brings or not? I do not know why she does not want to talk to me. She should not have many reasons to be mad at me. I just hope and pray that her spirit is born into my baby girl, and she has the love and fight of life as she did. Who knows maybe she will?

Yet I know that I can never hold her in my arms again. Like I can do with Lily as of now. Yes, her soul did not make it to the heavens. Therefore, she is not someone; I will be seeing or talking to, sad to say. I try to stay away from black-winged angels, and no, I am not being racist… I have real reasons. I can see Maiara flying around me with no voice from time to time, and she scares me now.

To think she was so kind and good to me, now look…! What

happened to her? They must have gotten her soul!

There is always someone in the way or so it seems to live life. She left her home for the last time, that night, to see the graves that we all are going to be in at some point that I have been overtopping. I wonder if she came to see if I was there, that might explain the one red rose, which was on Lily's headstone. That is when they must have jumped her. That is when she was attacked and stripped naked like the day she was born, and then completely

dishonored. They must have killed her there; I think like they have done to me over and over?

Yet I will not breathe my last breath, as long as Lily keeps giving me her breath to live on, I am as alive as any other girl on the earth, so it seems to them. I will let you in on a secret; I am an angel on earth. Yet I am also an angel on the inside in a human body, which will age and get older as I would have anyway. However, no one can see that spirit living inside of me. All they see is the same old Neveah, as the girl

she always was and will always be within their eyes. Little do they know!

Therefore, the day I hanged myself with my school belt noose, I really did pass on, and every time they kill me, I do die and come back to life, yet do they know why? They just think they cannot get the job done, I guess! I do perish- every time, as I fall to the ground, and see the light, yet so far as I said I am saved to live on. As you know, and given life again, just in a non-living, yet not dead way. I cannot explain what it is like; I can inhale and exhale the air

of worlds. Like you, but differently. It is like I have the life of a spirit, with a heavenly air that never ends. Everything looks the same on me, as I breathe in and out of my human body, yet I know that is not so. I have something more, and if I wanted to, I would not need to fill my lungs at all with earthly air; the heavenly air would keep me alive as I am now.

Though to be as normal as possible, I do both, also because the baby is sharing everything that I take in and out of my body also. Besides, she

has to have oxygen to live. So, it has become a second nature habit, like before to breathe and eat and sleep as I did before. I am still the same girl, just even more different than before, yet the same. Do you understand? Yet even now, I have to do the right things to get my white wings when I ascend at some point someday. I know it is crazy for an angel to have a baby. Yes, it can happen, and she is going to be born soon, as a human girl! Yet no one knows about me being like this.

So, do not tell him, Hope, or anyone! No one ever needs to know about this! I am sure I will die at some point, for good. However, when and how, I do not know? I am just happy to be alive now and live on…! Well, you know what I mean? Nonetheless, to look at me you would not know that, because I look very much alive, as you can see.

That is how I have the power to hear, see, and feel all that I do. Crazy I know, yet I am just like every other girl no different in what I have done and

going to do in life! I am just happy that I was given the chance to live my life, yet it could end at any point if I ask and they want to send me away for good, it is all that I choose, and if they allow.

It seems that when I love someone they die, so who is next to go in my life, that is the question? Yet I do not have an answer. I have also wondered if I am not the angel of death- jokingly. However, when I do love someone too much they go away. Hum- Nah- I am too sweet for that role! Oh, that reminds me, I should be eating

something about now, and yes, I am craving chocolate, which will never change!

(Questioning Maiara's demise)

I guess I was wrong maybe; she did kill herself because I found out just last week that she really could not take any more of the town and the hellhole and me. Because she killed her, her father, and her mother with the same baseball bat. It was a crime of passion and hatred. On the other hand, did they, do it? To make it look as if she went wacky? I do not know? However, I

can see her fighting someone off, but I cannot see who it was in my visions that I am having. It was also said, by the town criers, that she made this… it is a letter, which I have in my hand, right now. I never thought it was also a suicide letter. Yes, I got it in the mail, which is shocking, because the sisters like to come into our yard and steal our mail from the box, and smash it up, and knock it over even more than it is. Yes, just like Hope's income checks, yet this note was on time, and the date was right on the money. Additionally, what

was odd is that this envelope was not opened or soiled, unlike all the others.

The sisters are so destructive to us, and our possessions around the house. They have even hanged a dead cat from the flower pot hook on the front porch, next to the swing. The poor black and white kitten's name were the same as mine. When I looked at the tag on her collar. They were making fun of me- I guess! Just like I cannot get a job because no one wants to hire me. For the reason that of what they say about me, and what they think.

So, no I cannot get a job to make money around here, yet they make it that way for me and say that I live off Hope's money and that I am too lazy and dumb to find work, the blame is always on me it seems! Just more rejection! Anyways back to this note, I think she was forced to write it letter by letter, they must have spelled everything out for her, which she said to me. I do not think this is her wording. Yet maybe it is? I believe in not saying one negative word about her so that I can receive my blessings,

which will come even in times like these.

My Maiara was everything to me, she was a shining star for me, and her kiss goodbye the last time still makes me weak at the knees until this very day, not knowing that night was going to be the last time. That I would ever see her again as a human. I remember what she said to me about placing my dream catcher next to a tree and the demon will not follow me anymore, the tree will die like me, so you can be free, that is why they killed

her because she was trying to help me. She was going to tangle them up in her pink feathers and webbings that she gave me. Her- all that was left was a nude girl on top of a grave, which they took away in a body bag.

Yes, they just cremated her because that was all they could do. About two days after the fact when she was found. She did not have any money coming from anywhere for a proper burial. So, I was given the ashes, she did not even have a wake, no grave, no

headstone, no way to be remembered. That is exactly what the sisters wanted.

I think!

That is why they gave me what was leftover of her, to hurt me! So, I just placed the urn up on the fireplace mantel, I do not know what to do with her remains. Yes, it creeps me out, when her soul comes out and she flutters around me! Yes, it is like I can see her black hair and black wings. Yet once again, I was the only one that seemed to care about who she was, when she was alive, and will never be

now that she is gone. I understand that she is never coming back as she was, so just like that, I was back to being alone all the time with no girlfriends. With their eyes on me. I just hope he does not leave me now. All I have left of who she was is some crumpled-up photos and a letter of abandonment.

All I can say is I hope, that we both end up being in the heavens together someday, that is if she prays for forgiveness in hell, yet that is unlikely. Just remember do not let your dreams go with you to the grave or

whatever; your stone is not going to tell your story for you.

Also, if you do not have a stone or a marker there is no one to care, if you do or do not, even if you do it just reads your name and dates, not your true character!

Maybe someday that will change. ‘Like being born again, death to me is not a part of life, life to me is death!’

Chapter: 25

My Night and Shining Armor

I have not even touched the surface of what is in my future. I cannot even imagine what is going to come into my life. Look at what has changed in the last year. I have to agree with the divine master and Lily anything is possible, and it is for me to grow and about her, as she will grow up with him and me.

Chiaz- so I remember the day I took Nevaeh to her junior prom, this

year, of course, we went together. Yes, she finally got to have her slow dance with me and wore her poufy pink and purple feathered gown that looked so cute on her, because she is so small and tiny. Furthermore, that covered up her somewhat of a baby bump belly also. You would not even have known she was pregnant at the time.

When we did the majestic march on the stage at the school in the auditorium for the others to see us, we felt the warmth of the crowds, yet that did not last all that long. At the start of

our walk, no one would have ever known. Yet some big mouths could not help, but make their nasty comments, their families did not approve of us going to prom in the condition she was in. Like one called out, ‘see the slut dirtbag, that got knocked up!’

One yield- ‘There is a thing called birth control, you two should have used it!’ Why it is any of their business, I do not know. It is our choice not there’s. Yet that was not going to stop us or spoil our night together.

Ava and her sisters and friends were saying all kinds of things there and at the dance. Ava and her girlfriends and their dates would gather around us, and they even kept bumping into us on the dance floor. Yet all she wanted was one slow dance and a photo, and we got it. Oh God, I can still hear their comments!

Ava’s girlfriend and Nevaeh’s classmate Katie said at prom, as we were on the dance floor- ‘Hey who’s the daddy?’

Even Adriane said- ‘you are too good for her!’

Then Hannah McGruben speaks up saying- ‘Why would you have wanted to fuck her, and why do you want to stay. If I, was you? I would go get checked, for many things!’

I recall that Ava and her sisters were even ripping at her dress, to show everyone what was underneath. There was not one boy or girl at prom or at the march, which gave her one good comment. Nope, not one, not even Mr. Devolcano, who was the one that took

the photograph of us as we walked through the door. He took the photo of us, and then he said after to another teacher softly- ‘I can’t put this dumb C*NT in the yearbook!’

I could have beaten his face in with my fist, at that moment! When he said that.

Nevaeh did not even blink at that, she said just let it go. Come on! - She said. From that moment on, we did not care what they had to say. We were us, and that is all that mattered. I have to say she was the most gorgeous girl

there. We danced under the soft colored lights setting the mood, and the halls Gym walls were decorated with a Paris theme. That seemed tranquil and mallow, around all the confusion. We did not stay the whole dance. We left and went to our love spot. Where we would be alone together until I had to take her home.

That night ended in a romantic kiss at her door, she asked me in, and we went up to her bedroom. She changed into her nightgown in her bathroom and she left the door open, as

she changed, she left her prom gown on the floor, she said- ‘I am not going to wear it anymore or again, the way it looks now, it’s not worth anything.’ Then she asked me- ‘Do you still like what you see when you look at me?’ – Insecurely, as she was pulling her lace-like night top down over her breasts, then to let it slip from her hands, and then fall around her knees. This all happens, as she stands in the doorway of the bathroom. And I said- ‘Yes, you're beautiful, now and always, I love you Nevaeh and the baby!’ She said-

‘Awe, you’re such a sweetie! I love you too!’

Then we talked at the edge of her bed, and then we laid back together on her bed and nuzzled, the bed is so old that it squeaks like the floorboards, when we make any movements at all. Everything in her room is either pink or white, maybe too pink for my liking, but it is nice and comfortable.

Yes, I love being in there with her. Even her bedsheets are pink and fuzzy to be underneath, and I love her pillow, it is so soft and smells so good,

just like her and her hair. She is very organized compared to my bedroom, everything has its place, and everything is old but perfectly pretty in a girly kind of way. While a prison movie was playing on her old, television set on her chest of drawers, we held each other. The nightlight and television are the only light in the room, she fell asleep in my arms, squeezing me so tightly like always. Though at midnight I had to go and be home, I got up and saw that she was going to be okay. Yes, I even tucked her in and kissed her forehead. I

closed the door behind me, went down the rickety steps.

I saw Hope sleeping away with a wine glass in her hand, in her big old chair in the living room facing the window. I think she thought I left a long time ago.

Nevertheless, I do not know, or no if she cared. She does not have much time for herself or us. I left her home, got my truck started just to go to my home about a few miles away. On the drive down the snug pathway, I was thinking, yes in a way all the things

Nevaeh and I ever wanted have been checked off her list. I knew from that night on that I wanted to spend my life with this girl! I was also thinking that the prom was the prom from hell.

However, to her, it was everything she thought it could be. Yet I feel that she still got cheated! Thus, far I can feel that I did all that I could for her. Me- I try to be kind, thoughtful to all. I attempt to control my shame in life by focusing on how unique, and special my life is! Just like hers, like her particular talents and mine are a lot

alike, we both look at the good not the bad in life. Yes, I would have to say that feeling is everything!

(Interview)

My characteristics, and most outstanding trades, you ask. Okay, I am a Cancer; I guess that makes me loyal, dependable, caring, and adaptable. I like to do things my way at times if I think it is the right thing to do. My creativity highlights me as an individual, I think, I am just me. What can I say? She is a Gemini, and some days she has two personalities, I swear,

yet I can see why she does. Okay back to me- What are my drawbacks, you ask. Hum- I am moody at times, yet who isn't? I can be clingy, with the one, I love, yet she likes that! Self-pitying at times, like I can be oversensitive and self-absorbed in my world that I create. People say that I know me, that I am complex and enigmatic. Okay if they say so…? Yet some even say that I am stuck up, and hard to get to know, nevertheless I am not at all as you can see. I am more- happy go lucky. What do you think?

Nevaeh- I believe I am never going to go around with little dreams anymore, I will not have a contained mind; I am always going to be positive if I can, and dream big. Knowing that it all can, and will be coming true if only I believe that it will. I know that I should never get stuck in a rut, for the reason that I do not know the whole plan that has been set for me. When you think like this, you can, and will break forth; this is when you will see an increase and praise. I hope that all our dreams come true, and we can all start anew. I

hope that we can think, all our choices. Now I am hoping that I can let you know that, you have an angel too. I hope that everything is going to work out for you. The angels will save you and me, in times that we are on our knees. I hope the tower and its clans will forever let me be. I hope that everything will be understood so all of you can see.

(About six months back)

Nevaeh- The night that I was saved differently, I am only sixteen but the time is right. I could not stand

living here another day or night, in ‘The Land of Many Steeples’ in the house of lost and lonely dreams, it was time for me to spread my wings and fly away from this land of misery. The day finally came and he saved me from the hell that is part of my existence. The boxy chariot with its small oblong taillights arrived near my doorstep.

He greeted me with the presence of compassion. For I was looking down from the window, yes it was supposed to just be another date night. Yes, he arrived to sweep me off

my feet once again and take me away. Hope was not very pleased with the onset of him being in my life… But there was nothing she could do. At last, I was content, and that is all that mattered. She would not let me go on my dates, so I waited around until it was night outside, and she was asleep! That is when I would sneak out, and get away for a while, with him. Yet I think I got pregnant on date number one, yet I am not sure.

(Looking back)

I remember all the dates; we would drive through the town at night, and do all kinds of wild things. Besides, look at the stars in the back of his ford bronco truck with a blanket at our spot, as the baby was asleep inside of me, this was about four months ago, or so.

(The first days together as a couple.)

Some of our dates started right after my school day, he would come and get me, and I would not come home until my curfew or not at all. We did not have much money, yet we always had

fun just being together. Like this one time, we went kayaking in our swimsuits on the gently flowing river, and then afterward we had a picnic lunch, simple dates, but always fun. Yeah, that is right, we only had three normal dates before; I know I was indeed going to have a baby. Our craziness slowed down a lot after that fact, yet we still went out.

(The revolution)

I remember the night, I was saved about nine and a half months ago; I was not wearing anything more

than my pink nightgown, which I put on in a rush it was not on fully. I leaped down the staircase and exploded through the heavy wood door of the dwelling. I sprinted down the long lonely path that seemed to lead to nowhere, and that is where his chariot awaits my arrival. I know what the plan is, and what it was going to instill. ‘Oh yes, we know what we're going to do. Nevertheless, for freedom, it had to be done like this.’ At last, we are finally together so that all things would be all right once more. The tower has

crumbled and her words are muffled, my life was starting to feel as if it was complete.

Finally, I had my chances to run through the cornfields of ecstasy hand, and hand, laced with desire. We were hoping and praying the night would not end, so we would not have to ever return to ‘The Land of Many Steeples’ once again. We saw the stars with their moonlight, while the thoughts of everything else were out of sight. So, the next day it was a Saturday, the weekend, so my

boyfriend came to pick me up at my home for our date. Yet that did not go as planned, Hope was furious because she knew I was not home the night before, yet she and I were on the outs anyway. As well as I just do not care what she thinks anymore, plus I just had about enough of her bullshit?

Yes, I was being rebellious, yet I needed this free will.

Hope made it very clear that I was not going anywhere with him, she slapped me across the face, and pulled me away by my hair, and said that I

was not going anyplace with him, that we are never apart, and that I need to stop being a whore for him just to lay-around with. Those are her words, not mine! As soon as she went upstairs to change into her nightdress that she where's most of the time.

My boyfriend and I left the kitchen where the fight took place, Hope said- 'I had enough of this… I am going to change, and when I get back down here, he best be gone- you hear me.' That is when he took me by the arm into the living room, to have a fast

heart-to-heart about what just took place; we were sitting on the loveseat, with me on his lap, and his hands placed on my tummy.

He said, ‘We should go… come along with me!’ I replied- ‘Where should we go?’ He said- ‘Anywhere but here, you need to get away from this. ‘She is unstable.’ -He said. We were whispering in one another's ears the plans to be, however you already know some of them. Nevertheless, I made it very clear to my boyfriend that I felt uncomfortable about the situation, and

I said we should wait. And- his reply was ‘What are you waiting for trouble?’ He took my hand and we ran across the lonely lane to his chariot; he was so nervous that he flooded the engines.

The engines were- like- clunking and grinding. You know what- I am going to come back to that, and let the suspense build-up, I know- don’t you just love me?

Anyways this reminds me of the first time Chiaz and I went out together after one of my school days. There is nothing like kissing in the rain.

Oh, that night in the cornfields is love, at last, was realized, it was meant to be.

Yes, the clouds were overhead, but we did not care, it just led to things getting even more passionate for us, the rain started to fall nonstop, as we were rolling around on the mud-covered ground. Our lips locked and eyes fixed on one another?

Everything was so amazing and amplified by the thunder, both of our hearts pulsed. Like raced along with the rhythm of the perfect shower; as he

picked me up in his arms, there was one arm under my butt, and the other placed on my back, as we found our spot for the first time to do what we longed to do. As he ran with me held in his arms and underneath the bridge structure, we went. Below that part that is still standing, where we were covered from the rain, which was pelting down like a monsoon.

He placed me down to stand on my own feet. That is when we embraced closer than ever before. Then he began to take off my soaking wet

schoolgirl uniform, starting with my top down. Which was just clinging to my body. My top was so wet that it was clear; he could see my pink bra, which was underneath, and he said that he liked it.

My white blouse was speckled with the mud from the brown and tan ground, which splashed upon us as we ran. Yet I did not care if the uniform was going to lay on the ground, at some point anyway. My skirt was just lying flat on my legs as if it was sticking to me. He was pressed up against me as

we stood as one, at that same time we said to one another- ‘That we have been waiting for this moment all of our lives to be together like this.’

He raised my arms to pull my top off, and to remove the bowtie I was, as I removed his blue T-shirt up and off, at about the same time. Both tops were ripped off and just thrown to the wet ground. As the dripping stream from the collapsed railroad bridge track so high above us was falling on us in trickles, as we stood together.

He did mine without even unbuttoning it completely. Then our fingers joined, just for his hands to slide down my arms to my hips and back up, and his fingers brushed along my body so softly. I remember how he tugged my skirt down, and off me completely, to the point I was showing everything that made me a girl to him, I was alarmed yet thrilled, and the adrenalin was pumping all at the same time, I knew this was perfect. After my plaid skirt fell the rest of the way down to the ground, I stepped out of it and

kicked it out of the way right into a big mud puddle.

As he was unsnapping my pink bra in the back of me in a fast-trembling passion at the same time. Around the same time, I was unbuttoning his jeans and sliding them down to his feet, and then I jerked his gray brief underwear down to his feet. Only to see what made him a man, that was pointing right up at me, all up in my face, and of course, I took care of that!

Likewise, we had missionary sex for the first time in the dirt. I recall that he was on his knees somewhat, and I was on my back with my hair in the sludge, as his hands were holding my knees down, and that is when our miracle was formed and united. As he deposited the seed of his cells deep inside of me, that all embedded in me, and that became her. Everything went just like my dreams, which I have had in the nights of the past. Yes, we made love under that bridge, looking out over the golden fields, and the miracle

began, it will be nine months of transformation until we could see her face for the first time.

~*~

Nevaeh- He is warming me up for sex. Me- I pulled her underwear off to the right side, and we both can hear my vagina, slightly hair-covered. Her- my lips not yet parted by anything of his yet, just me feeling around; so, he could see. Then his hand softly starts stalking me, at that point in the stocking and touch of both are fingertips and my hand on top pulling

up and down in a rhythmic pattern on me. -I cum-ed, so- tingling- with a bleached, white, and silver surge overflowing out of me, as my strengths inside were pushing it out… and I could see that moving up and in too. Me- then I kiss around… not yet going down and tasting as my tongue goes, all the way into her vagina. Her- he was intrigued by my hood, and how it is covering it all furrowed up the skin for it was hanging off ever so nicely, he said. He- and I saw it slowly pop outward for me, her clitoris that is… it was changing, and

soft pink, and I could see the button-like thing come out at me. Awe- the smell of sex is on like anything! I love the scent of a lot of things and this is one, for you.

~*~

I want you to smell everything I have asked you to, you can get the memory more that way.

~*~

Him- It was for sure fully covered by at least a half of inch of fleshiness that hangs skin was the only

showing part at first, in-between the tightened lips looking at me sweetly, just wanting and sitting cutely to be pulled back, and like the lips apart for my kiss.

Her- Oh, and I could see her there now, that I was slowly being turned on to him doing this to me. Me- It was good to see her getting turned on to me. Her- I was laying on top of him at this point; we were wrapped in like around each other's bodies. Her- In the wraparound poison I might add, awesome for... for me, Him- me too!

Her- And to have a malleable orgasm, with his at the same time going off. Nevaeh- Um- honey are we saying- too much here? Me- Nah, Love, I think they get it! Okay then- here it is- I am quite yet not when I am getting off with my man! How does it work? Me- shit! Say it all why do not yah!

Her- Um ok-ie-dockie- he was laying on the bed, with his legs outstretched.

Then I climbed him… Me- and she's so-so- tiny…! Him- I love her going all over me like that. (Taking

together holding hands, being cute-z, and being awkward about their love life, yet so in love, interview- like. ‘It’s the quiet ones you have to worry about.’ Said the questioner named- Steven.)

(Showing everything.)

I am working my way up to him, and then I wrap my legs around behind his back, while he pulls you towards him. Then you move up and down at a speed to suit you, and me that is as fast as I can go… Until he screams out my name as he does mine;

you get very deep penetration, and can kiss throughout, and God does with making out, just see and hear that, he is so easily squeezing my boobs which he'll love, and so do I when they have been pushed up. Just suck on me, please! What do you want… sucked? I said- Everything! (In a sexy whisper) I can do that! (With a sticking look on his face.)

I say this is my: 'Love position. It Hits the G-spot every time. EXCELLENT! Wrapped around as tight as our two bodies could be holding

each other, he was bending in upward for me as I was sliding up and down on his nude and abs chest, my boobs and nipples caressing him and giving us both shivers. Until she said, I am going to come! Breathing hard and fast like us in are thirsting, in and out seeing her vagina wet, and squirting all over my body. She licked her fingers, and said- let’s do it again, just having it all rub in… flip me around, not having one time be enough; so, he makes the bedrock and rattle, as I am in the reverse sitting position. His breath

blowing on my back my- hair in his face, and his hand rubbing up and down my backside feeling my butt, and I go for the ride, and it goes off even harder than the last ten times.

Truly, the miracle we needed! I remember how he kissed my lips, he kissed my neck, he kissed my chest, and he continued kissing me, all the way down my body, and back up all over again. He is truly incredible every time, with making love. What can I say, yet I love him, maybe that is why I feel

that way? ‘It cannot be bad, with the one you love!’

~*~

Now that moment is part of my history and story. I can still see it in my mind, all the wet coverings as they fall to the drizzled ground. As well as how it was so cute to see him having difficulty in removing my shoes and socks, it made me feel as if nothing could go wrong. Afterward, he and I were covered in all that grime and whatnot. Way too muddy and sticky to get back into his truck. Therefore, we

rinsed off together, out in the rain slightly. We walked up to the truck hand and hand. However, our clothes were not salvageable, which we took off so we just carried them in our other hand as we walked away from our spot, and we just threw them into the bed of the truck, when we got there after the small hike back up the ridge.

Naturally, we drove to his home with a blanket over us, all cuddled up in the front seat. While hoping that no one would see us. However, I am sure someone, if not all

the town’s people, which were out and about at that particular and unmistakable time did. I am sure there were someone’s eyes on us the whole time!

It was an overwhelming and tremendous night, one that I will never forget as long as I have this life to live. Using the basement door and the steps going to the first floor.

I remember how we snuck past his mom Bethany who was engrossed in a television show, as she was laying on the sofa in their living room. Tiptoeing

ever so gradually. Without making a sound and of course, I had to sneeze and pee badly. Nevertheless, I held it all back as much as I could anyway. We did not need to be busted, like this!

That would be hard to clarify. I mean he has a cool mom, but not that cool. His mom looked up as we were halfway across the room and she did look around because she thought she heard a thump in the night… and she did. It was me tripping on the floor rug or extension cord or whatever that thing was. So, we dropped to the floor

behind the couch, like we were dodging an oncoming missile-like they must have in world war two on the battlefields.

We did not need this bomb to drop on us that is for sure! Besides, I did not want to have to drop the bomb of what we did on her; because she would have unleashed the F-bomb on us many times. You can understand why, like one me being underage. The others you can predict! I know she would have exploded on us. Yet about three or four weeks later I remember,

that bomb was dropped on her and Hope.

We were like- ‘Surprise, we are having a baby!’ -And the war started on us! The question was flying past us like an oncoming round or fire! Bethany- ‘I still can’t believe that my baby is having a baby! I am going to be a grandma?’ So anyway, at that time, I was thinking, I would have died once more that they would kill us, and I would be seeing him as a spirit too, as I would look over his grave. No- we did not die, but we sure got into a lot of

trouble, him more than I did shockingly. Because he is over eighteen, and I am not of age to have sex with anyone, because of what they call full consent laws. Hope could have pressed charges if she wanted to. Though, I pleaded with her at the time not to!

Anyways back to what I was saying, that just did not need to happen, right then and there. Finally, we made it the rest of the way on our hands and knees, Chiaz was behind me with his face bumping into my butt.

There were a lot of things going through my mind, as you could imagine. At last, past the door, away we were in the hallway, we got up on our two feet, and we went and showered off entirely together in the bathroom. That is when we showered one another off completely.

After we ended up in the laundry room and he got me something to wear, it was a black hoodie and a beige pair of shorts. He asked if that was good, and I said- ‘That is all I need.’

He got a white- T, black underwear, and dark red shorts for himself. Then he even put my uniform in the wash, for me at his house. Yet I knew it was not going to come clean. However, it was sweet that he tried.

(Runaway)

Now let’s get back to that day that we chose to leave. Yes, that flashback is over, and this one is about to start- I remember that Hope was running after us screaming with a frying pan in one hand and a branding iron in the other.

Shrieking- ‘You bring her back to me, or I will have your ass mounted over my fireplace, and I will get you… jackass for kidnapping too.’ We ran to the truck as fast as possible, and I got in the passenger side, he just jumped through the driver side window headfirst.

The key was fiddled into the hole, and turned; thus far, the engine was backfiring and making a hell of a lot of rackets, which was not promising; the damn thing did not want to run. She was nearly at the bumper, and the

engine turned over. The vehicle finally started and knocked to life in a spitting and spitting sound, with a jolting motion. All the same, we were moving forward. Then hope was left to eat our dust as the wheels spun out, as we raced on down the path going like sixty-five or more.

After a very long chariot or truck ride like a full day, I was asked the question that every girl waits their entire life to hear… yes, it was perfect, just like it was when he gave me my heart-shaped diamond ring. On the

drive, I remember him saying- ‘let’s elope, together, I have a plan! Furthermore, when we come back, I will get my mom to sign the marriage certificate, so it cannot be annulled.’ Plus, he got me three new dresses along the way, and a ticket! The night we left, I was fortunate, because I kept all my identification, like my passport and birth certificate all in one yellow envelope on the hall table. So, all I would have to do is just grab it, as I went out the door.

That is what I did. Just like all of the things he needed were all in the glove box. I knew we were going far away some-day, I just felt it, yet I did not know he was going to pop the question when we left! I have a photo of us there, that day also it shows us, as we were boarding and shipped to leave Norfolk Virginia. The picture displays us standing in front of this enormous ship's arm and arm. Yes, it was a glorious moment. Just like the name of the liner, which we got on. A photo is something I will always remember, and,

yes just like the moment when Chiaz Natherth said- ‘Will you marry me?’ And I said- Yes… for three reasons.

One: He will always be there for me. Two: I needed to get away from the dwelling of lost and lonely dreams and ‘The Land of Many Steeples.’ Three: I am pregnant with our child; which no one knew about at the time. It was the right thing to do, he thought, and he loves me! Then, for five or more days, we saw nothing but a deep blue ocean in front of us, with no connections to the outside world.

Yes, we were free to do whatever we wanted, on the boat deck, and in our stateroom. We went to these lovely enchanted islands that are far from our homes, with its cascading palm ferns blowing in the breeze, yes, the trees leaned over the Pacific, smooth and as far as the eye could see. The sand in which we wrote our names in, to enclose with a heart, which we both drew around, with the date.

Oh, yes, gone away for the lands that we knew; only to return as a family, at last, the plan was no longer

forbidden, as we were oceans apart from ‘The Land of Many Steeples.’ Not even a distant ship on the horizon; no one's lies or eyes could find us. We were in a peaceful paradise.

I remember when we applied for a marriage license on one of those nights.

Yet we had to wait forty-eight hours before the big day. Yes, knowing that I was only sixteen at the time, but I said I was much older, and he is somewhat older than I, yet we both said- ‘I do!’ We did it! Anticipating

many repercussions, praying that Hope would not have the license annulled, for the reason that I was underage at the time.

The journey home was mixed with emotions, we are joyful because our honeymoon was on a luxury cruise, but will all of them be blissful for us? We are back in the land, and the news is out! The phone and walls are lighting up with an explosion. Nevertheless, is this good or bad? We just do not know yet!

Chiaz- our wedding night was a lot like the first time we were together, I remember the first time we kissed, and it was like that all over again, with her.

I remember saying our first kiss ever, thinking back- ‘I would love to kiss your lips.’ Nevaeh said to me, that she was afraid that she might be horrible at attempting a sweet tender kiss. I said do not overthink it, and if you feel that tingling feeling, it will be amazing for both of us; it cannot be bad

you have to try to know, and you are going to know when we try!

I care about you so do not worry you can take it slow. I told her that whatever her heart was saying to do she should do it, just go for it… live for the moment. I looked into her big beautiful blue eyes, and everything was even more perfect, it was beyond belief, and the kiss lasted longer than I thought it would, like three minutes, yet it was incredible. That first kiss with Nevaeh was not like the type of kisses that we have seen the other

couples doing in the halls of school next to their lockers.

This was certainly, her being loving and her being so innocent.

Without a doubt in my mind, I loved how she felt when she kissed me. I just love how she feels next to me; I love everything about her! She is always so thoughtful in an unidentifiable way, the wonder of it is incredible, and all I can think of is that moment when I touched her lips with mine, I knew the reminiscence would last endlessly, with her and me.

On our first date, and she knew that nothing would come between us, she got over being shy with me, and our relationship bloomed, faster than anyone would have imagined, yet that was the strategy. It is like in the spring whenever I look up to the blue skies above, I am in awe of it. It is like I am looking into Nevaeh's eyes so heavenly, and then the tears that she cried reminds me of the warm summer showers that made us bloom and grow, like the daisy and Lily flowers, that she loves so much. I recall her saying 'I am

not scared of being with you on our first date.' That is what she said to me, yet I knew she had the butterflies flying around next to her trembling heart, as I did. Yet we knew what we were going to do was the only way to stay together. What else can I say other than miracles do occur and they do come true! We, at last, had found out what true love was, and what it was meant to be loved… truly we are in love.

'LOVE!'

Oh, love is meant to be what you care about in another individual,

that you just cannot stand to live without. As well as if you love her, you have to love everything that she has, or does not have at any given time, and I love everything she has got on her body. I love everything about her personality, I love her voice, and I love her smile and her laugh. I love the entirety of this girl! I would lay down my life to be with her.

Yes, yes, I would, and she knows that.

Besides, you mostly have to have contentment, pleasure, and

joyfulness more than any other feelings in that fact. No matter how painful any other feelings may be that you might face someday. If you love them, you need to be okay, with whatever they want as long as you both can stay linked together and joined as one beating heart forever. I know that sounds foolish, but it is true. ‘As a little lady, Nevaeh believed in the perfect gentleman, her hero! That would kiss her awake. I… did not believe that I was that very boy for her.’ However, I was! So-o, I was going to make sure

that I always treated her like my little fairytale princess. ‘Nevaeh used to joke saying that I guess that I had to kiss one frog, to get your prince charming.’

The first time I held her oh so tightly to me, with my eyes fastened somewhat frightened by her. I was questioning in my mind at the time if something in my life had ever been so flawless and meaningful, and yet made me so nervous all at the same moments. I am so smitten with her, and the sensation was even more magnificent than I ever fantasized, that

it possibly would have been, it is just amazing! She asked me ‘Are you falling in love with me?’ Besides, I said- ‘I always was in love with you, I just couldn’t be!’ ‘Do you want to make love to me I asked?’

She smiled at me, and without hesitation, she said- ‘Yes!’ and that- ‘We don’t need to have it be perfect, as long as we fit perfectly together.’ I was like all right then! At first thought… I did not know what that meant, but when we linked our bodies together as one, and in a peaking ending, that was

inside of her, I knew perfectly what she meant. Hoping that the kissing would not stop throughout, I kissed and tickled every part of her small body, and she would sigh in delight…! I knew I wanted to be with her forever, even more after, I was hoping we made the miracle happen that night!

Yet I do not think she thought I was going to do that. I will never forget Nevaeh saying, I know you want me! Like I want all of you, I want to, I need to taste you, feel you inside me, and I know that you have been dreaming

about me since we were really little. Besides you know you want it. I recollect saying I feel the same way about you.

I remember her swallowing down hard, and saying I want to do this more than you even know… while she was gasping for the words, of course, I have dreamed of this moment with you. She said that she fantasized about me since she was about eight years old, every night, to the point she could not sleep. I do not know if she would like me to say this but… she whispered to

me that she would think of me while she licks her fingers, and reached down and tickled herself until her fantasy would peak with a thrilling squirting spray, that drizzled all over her bedsheets. Anyways she said that gave her warmth and satisfaction and kept the demons away. Within her body and mind. Too much information, yeah, I no! Afterwards her dreams would begin as she would be relaxed into a deep slumber holding her teddy bear as if it was me. That is what she said to me!

Nevaeh- I can't believe you said that!

Chiaz- sorry, While too late now…! Nevaeh said- ‘That’s okay- I guess, keep going now, and try to keep it PG-13 AND IT IS.’ Chiaz- Well… that night under the bridge, she was so wet down there and so tight, she pulled my pants down so fast the button zipped like a stone on the ground. Her breasts shined in the light, and her nipples were pointed as if they were looking at me as we were making love. How was that…? ‘Oh boy!’ -Nevaeh said.

~*~

(The spot)

Chiaz- Yes, she was staring at me sweetly; everything on her was bouncing up and down as well as around. Her hips smacking into mine, she said that she loved me on top of her, and she had her legs and her arms wrapped around me. I remember sliding down her skirt that night and sliding her bra off of her petite little figure. I remember her fingers touching me everywhere, I remember putting my fingers in places I had never had them

before. She made me tingle and still does.

She was so gorgeous when she was looking up at me; well, she was on her knees. Nevertheless, nothing ever compared to her legs spread out before me, she had one of the most- savory flavors like strawberries, which makes me want more. I had never felt anything like this before, in my life when I entered into her. I will never forget her blue eyes rolling, the sounds she made, and the faces she made out of passion, it still takes my breath

away. We went for about two minutes or more; she was moaning the words like, ‘Yes,’ ‘Oh my god!’ ‘So, this is what I have been missing out on.’ I can still hear her moaning. That was when I said, ‘I will love you forever.’

Nevaeh- that so-o was not PG-13 Chiaz. I do not know what that was…! There is a thing called, being too truthful- you no!

Chiaz- sure…! I will never forget afterward; she began to cry so hard that droplets with mascara run down her sweet little face. So, I like to

hold her in my arms all night when she stays or I would be over. Until she falls-asleep, with her hand on my chest and her arms holding onto me. She said she liked hearing my heartbeat. Naturally, every night with her was an amazing night. But I feel like she does there is nothing more exhilarating than the thunderstorms, the pouring down rain… you know that everything is better when wet! She would claw her nails into my back to the point my back was bloody. As I crested her sixteen-year-old body as lightly and softly as

possible, yes, I have scars to this very day, just like a permit tattoo of devotion.

She was just what I was looking for in my life. We were the love that we both needed yet never had before in our young lives. We brought joy to one another, just the same as we do even now. What more can I ask for? I remember all the classes and sitting behind her wanting to touch her hair, because it looked so soft, and looking at her backside, I felt a high just by being in her presence and smelling that scent

that was uniquely hers that never changed. I remember some nights when she would climb outside the window of her house, scaling down the high trellis that was littered with roses in the summer nights; in her nightdress just, because she said that she was lonely for me.

Her house was right down the path from me. Just like that, she would be standing in front of me in my room at night; she would take off her night top and place it on the rocking chair that was next to my bed. Then she

would crawl in with me, and hold on to me so tightly, that I felt that she was suffocating the life out of me, and she would go back home before the sun comes up. This is when we first started dating. She always fell asleep resting her head on my chest, she must of- felt safe in my arms. I guess that is why she was always so tired of finding love. I guess that is why she loves me, I was always there for her, and after everything she went through, she needed me. Plus- she said that she liked to hear my heart pounding. There is

nothing more I ever wanted, or to be than was her hero!

Come to think about it I really cannot hear the heartbeat at all, I wonder why, I know she has a pulse? It is interesting that when she is asleep, I check on her often. You know there is nothing more comforting than hearing her snoring away, she is so adorable! I look around the room, and the white laces on the windows are tied back, with lavender ribbons. I know that she is content, holding her teddy bear and me, under her canopy bed, she may be

young but as for now, she will always be the little girl that I want to be with. The crystal chandelier is dimmed as low as it can go, with a soft glimmering creamy warmth, in our household.

Nevaeh- Chiaz, I am going to stop you. You are getting ahead of me, and wow, you said a lot! Maybe too much, don’t you think?

Ha- if you say so hon!

Chapter: 26

The Games We Played

(About one year later)

Who thought I would be married at the age of sixteen and now I am seventeen, I surely did not foresee this? However, that is how life works unexpected adventures of togetherness with one person, that you find irresistible, or that is how the story should go. For me, it was a completely different tale. We were married on a golden Bahamas beach at sunset; an

archway was behind us with Lily flowers on it to remember the garden angel, which is still protecting me. The water was in the color of light blue and seafoam green. I had a short white dress on, along with my hair blowing in the breeze. He was wearing a black tuxedo both of our feet squishing in the sand. Yes, we were both holding hands, and I got the perfect kiss at last! It was a small wedding just us, but once again, it was perfect! Then we got back on the ship and the honeymoon started for us.

Chiaz Natherth- (I remember about six months back) Nevaeh had not even finished high school yet, however she is pregnant with our baby. I was not there to see her in the halls because I am older than she is, but she told me all about it… and what it was like for her before me. At least they left her alone when she was caring for my baby, or at least that's what she said. Yet when people groom you to a label, you say things and do things, to protect you and them because of fear.

They make you out to be the culprit, and they make you feel guilty of just trying to get pleasures out of life. I would not know what it is like to be a victim like that, yet I know how that family can be. I have dealt with all of them and their manipulations. I would countdown the hours until I could see her again; it was nice for me to pick her up every day from school, she would be leaning up on the retaining wall of the steps or sitting there. We look forward to seeing one another and spending the rest of the day together. I still want to

get to know everything about her; it is funny how lust turned into love, and now we are truly in love with one another!

Nevaeh- as you all know I have a human life growing inside me. Now I know how Juno felt! I remember there was nothing more remarkable than seeing her on the ultrasound monitor after she put the goopy stuff on my belly, and then Chiaz shouted it’s a girl! All I remember about my trimesters is getting bigger and bigger, and my jeans, dresses, and undies feeling

smaller, snugger, and tighter than he bought for me.

(The nine months are up)

I remember the night I gushed like the 1889 Johnstown flood, and I thought I completely peed in my jeans… that was not at all. I recall Chiaz was freaking out, and he got in the truck without me. At this time, I was living at his house with him and his mom, on the weekends. Then he realized that I should be with him… so he ran back into the house and carried me to the car. Furthermore- I was

saying just get me there. He did like ninety-five down the country roads to the city. So, we rushed to the hospital, and I was wheeled into a sterile-looking room; and not any more than fifteen minutes later, I was on my back pinned down wide open for everyone to look at me… it is so bizarre.

They had no time for that spinal tap thing… so I was pushing everything out of me. That is just part of it I guess, you have to push so hard; that it all comes rolling out, and it is not like I wanted all that too.

Nonetheless, the pain and me-screaming profanity were so worth it for me. Because that was the first time, I saw her face sliding out, and heard her cry. We are going to name her Jaylynn Lily Nazareth!

Looking back over all this in my mind at the time I thought about all the many unanswered questions that I was going to face when she came, I remember all the many choices of what we can or cannot do. Yet I am not like most. I would never stop beating their heart, we knew that we were going to

keep her, yet some said to get rid of her in the first couple of weeks, yet I do not know how someone could say that, like Hope and the cruel kids at school? Yet others were pleased for us like his mom and some of his friends. I know that hope was just looking out for me, and my future; however, I do not like how she feels. I know that she will fall in love with her when she sees her, I hope!

Hope to hold the baby- 'I hope you know that she is yours, that you did this to yourself, and I am not going to

help you in the least. You need to see what being a mom is all about, I am not going to give you a free ride. You are going to have to work very hard to keep her. Yes, she looks like you, and yes I am happy for you if you are content!'

Bethany crying joyfully as she is given the baby- 'I am so happy! You are going to have a good daddy, yes you are! Nevaeh, I know you are going to be a good mommy too, and if you two need anything just let me know, and I will do what I can!

Nevaeh- We both said thanks, and the families talked amongst themselves about her traits, that our baby girl has. Furthermore, what we need and the cost of everything to keep her a happy healthy baby. Her name was questioned, just like they cross-examined our relationship- if it would last together or not. At this point, I wanted to rest and felt that I needed to sleep.

Back then, I would never have thought- this was an option with me. I did what I believed was right, and I am

happy. With all of the choices, but will I be able to finish school? Is being seventeen too young to be a mom? What is it like to be a mother? Why doesn’t the hellhole cover this in their health class? They just give you ways to prevent, yet not how to be a mother, who is supposed to teach this? I remember bringing her home for the first time, we made a nursery for her in my room, and we had a white bassinet for her. She keeps me tending to her nonstop, on the weekends he and I stayed together, maybe someday soon

we can get our place. Her first bath was in the farm sink, and his mom got her all kinds of cute things to where it was hard to choose what to put on her. She always looked so adorable. A real-life baby doll.

(People talking)

Nevaeh- Talk is cheap… in all honesty, most people just need to mind their own business, I think. Either somebody wants to kick the shit out of you, or steal your joy. Stop making judgments about us! It all comes down to the fact that they need to feel

needed. Just stop bothering me, go get what you need, and fight for it as I did, stop trying to take it away from me. Besides, keep this in mind as you are doing it- ‘Do to others, as you would want them to do to you.’ Why do you ask? Just because you might end up worse, off in what you are doing, than what you are seeing, and saying about others. ‘Just remember when you point a finger at someone three fingers are pointing back at you.’ Just like you can always tell when someone is on the dark side. They have to dance around

the fires of destruction and torment, the flame within their eyes sparkles as you look at them, as they are children of the night and immorality.

Let's just say the sisters finally got their turn, for trying to kill my baby Jaylynn with her small pillow in my own home, in my room they stood over her one night. When hope was the only one home, and we were out for the first time all night without her. Hope caught and fought with all of them before they got the job done. Baby Jaylynn is still alive, yet it is a wonder that she is.

Hope spent three weeks in the Altoona regional hospital, which is about forty miles out of the way from our small town; because they all pushed her down the steps head first right through the railings. Then they dragged her body out in the yard using the rug, and then they completely ran her over with the old farm tractor and brush hog, which they got running somehow. She must have called 911 at some point, yet did not say anything, I do not know. It was said that she may not live much longer, it was just that

bad. That she will need many surgeries to reattach her fleshiness to her body, I have to ask- why would they want to kill her? Who gave that order, and what would they gain in having her gone?

Would they think that I would not have any place to go?

What is the motive?

Is it to kill everything that I love? -Or what?

When the cops showed, they had no choice but to take them all away, even though they were somewhat

reluctant. However, they were caught, red-handed! Ava was still sitting on the seat of the tractor, and the other girls were standing in between the wheel-wells fenders next to her up there. None of them were going to get them out of this one. I remember us coming home to all that mess, and my first thought was where is my baby…! She was sleeping away, up in my room as nothing happened.

We called Bethany to stay with the baby, using Chiaz's white iPhone with the cracked screen, she came in

her robe and slippers, she was there before they even loaded her up in the back. That is about the time I went to see if Hope was going to live or die. As well as, the paramedics said- it is not looking good. I remember getting in the truck and him driving behind her, as all the blood-red and butterscotch yellow lights and sirens were blazing. Certainly, that was the scariest night of my life up to that point at least.

Like, she is the only mother that I ever had, and I do love her… please live… please live, I was saying

over and over, as we were speeding down the streets. As they were cutting her dress off, they were poking her with IV needles, and all kinds of big and small tubes and collection bags. As the ambulance rushed down the road in front of us. After I was proven not guilty, they confessed to what happened in the past. Because they could not get their stories straight to the investigators, I knew that they would get the crap beat out of them every day mentally and physically, by the guards and the other girls, just like

I did. I hope that they run into that girl named Sabrina, she was the cracked bisexual, which had her eyes on me in the showers and lunchroom, which wanted me for her bitch, when I was there.

So yeah- I wonder if she is still there…? She killed her boyfriend. She was doing time with me when I was there. We were in the same group, when we were out for a little time we were not in our cells.

Sabrina- ‘Undoubtedly, I killed the luscious dickhead, by punching in

his chubby face, until his nose went up into his brain. Then I cut his dick off with a pocketknife, and I chewed it up with my teeth. So, I would shit it out the next day. He is nothing but shit to me anyway! Subsequently, he was nothing but shit to flush away. Uh-ha-He will never do another girl again!' (m-wa-a-ha-ha) 'Then I threw him in the river, and the fish got to snack on him until he came back up to the suffuse, and floated on top of the water. At that juncture, some kid girl found that dumb tub of shit...!' 'You know I would have

gotten away with it too if that would not have happened, I am going to get her for that!'

Nevaeh- she said that she did this because; he cheated on her with someone else or something like that. Truly- I don't know…? That is the story, which she told me anyway, and she bragged about it all the time. That is another thing… she was certainly talking about things like that. Things that she did to people, boys that she smashed, and how she has been in and out of confinement scenes, she was like

eight years old. I am sure her future is lethal injection.

She said- I was hers in there, and I could not make friends with any other girls, though I knew them all… yet I did not know them at all, I was so lucky, and that I did not get a shank in my ass at some point. I remember how I had to become her slave and the guards just looked away, so she could do what she wanted with me, yet she would not let any other girls at me. I am glad I got out when I did, back then.

So now, the sisters are going to be locked away in their dungeon, like I was… because of them. That is only if their money does not get them out of this one like before… that is if they can buy their way out. Like they did in the past, panels of judges. It would be nice to know that they would never see the light of day again. Yet that is unlikely, yet maybe just at least for a while. I know that they're not going to get me now if they get some time, yet they may in the future, I can just feel it. At last, I will finally know who the tower is… the

one that is the head of that family organization. The witch said to do this all for me, and my loved ones, I am going to find out who has these Cosa Nostra-like powers.

The sisters always had that deceiving glimmer in their eyes that instilled the fright, and they hold on tight to what they want. They will not let go until they have your body, soul, or both. But- I guess that I won this battle, yet we still lost some life. They burn the fuel to keep the acknowledgment of the made-up past,

apparently going. They try to lead us down the path of self-destruction; just remember with an idle mind that is Satan's workshop. We should have a mind at rest that has peaceful faith, that is not lazy.

Oh, how could I forget that on Chiaz’s 19th birthday on July 20th of this year? Alissa and her gals hacked into his Facebook profile and deleted all his one thousand fifty-two friends off of his friend's list. In addition to that, the day before his birthday, they also

got into his settings and locked out his birthdate to his friends.

So, no one would know about it, to wish him a happy day. He did not know about it until the day was over. She must have his new password of (givemesomeloven2) I felt so bad for him when he found out what happened. Like who thinks of that. It is so sick! Just like what that girl did to her boyfriend, sick is the only word I have for it.

Lily said- that she can now finally live a free eternal life. To quote

her: ‘The demons no longer have a hold of me. That the only justice that matters is from the cloud of witnesses that look over you and me.’ The cloud of witnesses looks down on the earth, and we are graded by them every day, if we follow the golden rubrics and listen to what they say, we can live another day, if the Angels choose not to take us away. If we pass, we get our white wings, and what we have done wrong does not mean a thing.

The sisters and their clans are fallen angels on earth. Fallen Angels

ring hate and pain, and tempt us to join their clan. They are swindlers to everyone; they make us think that they are virtuous, and although they are just demon angels of the gloom.

Fallen angels can look like you when I, we have to know what to deny if they cross our path. Demons can take on any shape or form that they desire if that is human or animal; my advice is just to be careful. Just like the snake under my angels' oak tree, it was Ava slinking around me, they can transform into any animal that they want to be.

Just like those eyes that looked into my soul that night in my room, just like those eyes in the sky that used to follow me, and just like the rain upon me with their cloud of fog that led to the dizzying heights.

You have to see and feel to know what to do, and what to look for… if you see the fires in their eyes, these are Satan spies. If you are tempted by them, always deny them, and they will end up in the tangled webs of feathers, all the evil spirits should be gone

forever if you have an understanding of how to get rid of them.

Yet, they're never gone forever they come back to feed off of someone like you, and they did to me. That is full of life, and their goal is to kill you slowly, and steal your soul so that they can have it to live on doing evil. They worship the devil; I do not need to feel within me, I know it, I discern they do, that is how they got at me, yet my soul will stay in the heavens if I can help it. I do not have human red blood anymore for them to suck out of me, but I did.

Ava and her bloodthirsty sisters used to suck the life out of me through my ‘girly parts’ as they would bite down on me. That type of blood with all my other plasmas and body fluids is the type of thick gross stuff that they liked the most. Because, of all the life, I and Lily, for example, would shed from the linings of our uteruses, that is what they thrive on the most. Their cravings of any soul life, unborn or dead are what they live for. Their living leads to death at some point for

the victims. They want me because I am what they call an altering angel.

I guess- I have to prove myself. Yes, they love the blood of young live good living girls, which they can overpower, which is what gives them wicked life to go on and on and to do and do, and baby Jaylynn is a girl they wanted to bite and kill, along with Hope's soul. The day I became an angel on earth, I started to have this like crystalized sapphire blue blood that flows from my body when I bleed out from anywhere on my body, after that

day I am what they hate the most. In this life, I have the choice I can pick aside, to go up or down, yet they want me to be down and dead forever, and they want me to burn in hell as they will.

Only if I choose to follow the divine master, I will go up and get what I want and need. Heaven's ranks could not decide if I should get into heaven.

Why?

Because of my suicide! Yet, because of the hell, I had.

Everything I went through, and have to withstand even now in this life. This all is the deciding factor of what they will select for me. I believe; they are trying to overlook me killing myself. That is why I have this second life, and why they cannot kill me. It is to see what I pick to do all over again. Because they do not think I belong in hell either, or that is what Lily told me, for the reason that- I was so pure of heart! If I elect to deny the dark side, the sisters will go down to the core and burn in the eternal lake of fire forever.

For what they did to me and their others, if I elect to go with the dark side, I will become one of them, never will I do that, yet I could, I could someday have black wings, and harass the innocent as they do. Up until now, that is not me at all. I want to have white garden angel wings after this life, and help the girls, who have a living life like me, the first life before they do their unthinkable end, that is what I would like.

(What they said to the jury)

Ava in the courtroom- ‘I liked it, yes, I liked it, and I liked sucking down on it, so hard, so fitted, so suctioned!’ ‘Yes, I confess! I like sucking her blood, and all the ones we got over our times. Yet no one will ever know that. -I thought, and if you tell, we will slaughter you… that is what I and my sisters said to them!’ I am sure Ava was wishing that the chains hold her down, and her sisters back, were on me, in there.

I am sure she was wishing that she had her homemade sock ball gag,

which she used on me in her mouth after she said what she said so thunderously. It is like; she cannot help but talk and brag up a storm! I bet she wishes that she had her schoolgirl tie around her eyes as she did to me, so she would not have to see them looking at her on the stand sweating bullets with the questions being spit into her face intently.

Adrian on the stand in the courtroom- ‘It was not me!’-she said, she was glaring at me with her greenish-yellow pussycat eyes, yet that

is how she answered every question asked of her. I was thinking to myself yeah- She was too high to remember! The other two were not even questioned in the courtroom.

Yet their eyes on me looked like to piss holes in the snow, dark and yet flickering!

Why…? I do not know!

Yet they saw the tapes of what they said, when they were questioned, you could feel the emotional state, from everyone but them, yet in the tapes,

you could see the criminal minds of these girls, and that said it all, I guess. You could see the rage, temperament, and crying, along with the crazy chuckling and movements in the tapes, no not, for what they did to us, more because they were trapped.

They all got the max of eighteen months in the young girl's jail, and one- year probation. That is if they took the plea deal of saying they were guilty, and that is what they did. Without a doubt, I knew the emotionless and without conviction

chilling look, which they gave me on their hard- icy faces, with their lips taught and rolled under the upper when they were taken away. They were going to be back for me someday soon, sooner than later I felt! I knew that all their hands that they threw up in the air would be on me once more for sure, or someone that I love.

Oh, hell, or the internal lake of fire, you are forever alone, in your dark evil body, yes always a flame. You can hear the others as they cry and their murmurs of moans, you will be in

constant discomfort. The others that have fallen with you can hear you, but you can never see them. You are always in a world of darkness even though you are on fire. That is forever and ever! That is if you choose to be part of the dark entity being real. As of now, I feel- Something big is coming my way the divine master is not a small God. I feel that we are not meant to stay in one place for long periods. There will be increases in my life, new doors will be open that go to places where I never imagined, and he has already planned

massive things coming into my life. I believe that- new ideas, new advancements, and new adventures are coming the way I declared this to happen.

(Present time)

We all have trials of our faith, and the first place we lose our victory is in our minds. If we start to believe those lies then the game is over, but if we struggle with the natural and unnatural fight of life with the intentions to think, we can start to act upon those thoughts in positive ways.

However, we do serve a supernatural master, I know this; do not live your life surrounded by lies. You have to rise above them with the guardian angel that you have, and we all have one if you are a believer or not.

I am reminded of this scripture- The Psalms 23 (The LORD is my shepherd)

I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures: he leads me beside the still waters. He restores my soul: he led me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea,

though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for he is with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. He prepares a table before me in the presence of my enemies: He anoints my head with oil; my cup will run over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever. I feel that verse fits my story well at least up to this point.

Like always, one of the first society's folk to acquire the news about us being married, and what her girls

did, was the Amsel sister's mother and dad. Their mom is in her late forties however, she spends most of her time in the bars and dressing like a fifteen-year-old hooker. As well as the other times, she knew all about me, like on the phone and the walls, and everything about me. Besides, what else is so unusual about all of this is, that she has to be friends with all the teenagers in the land.

I ask- does that not come across as a bit odd? Isn't it strange to lust over teenagers? Plus- force those

young teens into being part of your contacts. She wants to call me a pedophile, ha, ha, and ha! Just look at her walls, and you will see how many young people she has there; she stalks everyone and makes them think differently about them than they should think. It is not hard to figure out really. You just have to look and see and read between all the characters and the true story will be revealed, that is what I did, and what has become known to me. That is only if you choose to see

what is going on and what is going down.

Stop looking away, and do not be afraid of their wrath, because I have cracked the code. Yes, you can feel free to speak to me and befriend me at any time or place you like as of now, since nowadays you know the true story. I have even seen cases where people have rejected the sisters, and they had to make a public video of why they are friends with the family, plus listing all the reasons why they are such a benefit in their life. It is sickening, to think that

someone can scare another person into doing whatever they want, and whenever they want it to be with them.

It is as if it is all part of a mind takeover. They have what seems to be total authority and control over their mind, and they use manipulating games in which they pinned down on their prey. Some of the victims never walk away. Just look at Lily Anderson for example, she never bothered anyone, but they manipulated and manhandled her until she could not take any more, so yes Adrian did kill her because she

was a bully just like the rest of the clan and the keyboard avatars?

Once again, is it all how you view it? What do you think happened? What do you think about the bullies? Another victim was… do you remember the class feminist? Nobody knows anything about him, yet the kids at school said they were going to bash his head in with a hammer, they judge this kid for being who he was, and that was what is called being asexual? He was not anything they made him out to be. It got so bad for him that he had to

move away, never to be seen in our land again, did he choose to be that way, or did the others force him into that classification? Naturally, it was all created in the same ways, with one voice of slander, and yet another mystery that may never be solved.

‘Some people do not try to understand; they just make failed comments.’

Just because you do not have a girl, pounding or nailing your hammer down does not mean you are gay. Do you remember when I said that

everyone gets a turn, will Melvin have got his too? He was sending a text message while he was galloping down the double concrete paths from the city to the country to see his newfound lust. While sending one draft to the sisters, he swerved his chariot into oncoming traffic, the message was never completed, and that affected everyone's histories in ways that cannot be expressed. Let's see if you can figure out why this was significant to me?

Question- 'Do we listen with our eyes, or do we hear what we see? It

all comes down to whom, and what we are going to be. Let's see are you what you want to be now, or will you be after what you cannot see?' The four sister's mother has been running around on her husband for years. Until now, nothing has been said about it in 'The Land of Many Steeples.' The husband Klein cannot leave because he knows that if he did his life would be over. Therefore, he stuck, a hell of a life to choose, or did he choose it? Did she force him into the marriage back then? Alternatively, is the contenting now that his wife is

roaming around the town? It all comes down to fear, what do you fear? No wonder her children turned out the same way.

Nevertheless- who am I to judge, I would not do that! All I ask for them to do is leave me alone, but I know they will not complete. I still believe that there was something tragic, which happened in this woman's life. That makes her want to need and thrive on everyone's attention if she does not have your complete authority then she is miserable. All I have to say

is the sisters picked on the wrong person when they chose me!

(Opinions)

Yes, love is just something that you can feel. Like the rain on a warm spring day. Like the blossoms from the pear trees landing on your shoulders, as I walk, you’re walking down the path to the bridge, similar to the haze from the golden fields; it all reminds me of when I got everything I ever wanted. I remember Lily as she was to me, I believed at the time that- ‘The spaces between our fingers were created so

that we could fill them in as we held hands; She was just the right size for me in every way.' I still love her, even though she is still with me it is not the same, yet I love my new life also, yet why could I have it all, in my life?

Yes, I feel that I have walked in the center of the valley of death, and she has comforted me. I would say that she is looking over me; she comforts me as much as she can. But- then it is not having her here, in her earthly body. It can be hard having faith in something that cannot be expressed in

words. But- that is what remembering life is about, having faith that there is a plan for everything.

Chiaz- I remember her hands that I loved to hold the story that we told. We said that we would be together even when we got old.

Just like that song ‘Remember When’ that would be the story of our lives. That we would have bands of gold, and someday our babies to hold. No- I do not think she will ever get over her, yet they were so close. The sapphire blue eyes that looked into

mine, lost in time. All the golden grasses blowing in the breeze, us kissing while we are on our knees.

She loves me, but I have to say she loved her more than me.

Maybe I am wrong; maybe she is just grief-stricken. It is hard for her to leave the past behind. When she is at war with your mind! Was I kind enough, did I leave her behind too much, things like this in such, is what is tearing her apart, so much?

What she did before is none of my business, yet I am concerned for her well-being. Yet to get her help I would lose her. I just work hard at my job to keep from thinking about the pain she feels.

Our love is like the flowers in bloom all around in the spring, the trees with colors that display their majesty just for us, as we ran through them, so in love, but like them are we going to die too? I hope not! Yet I do not know how long I can go on working these crazy hours, and then she is like

do not leave me again, it is so challenging just to make it in life.

Listening to her singing in my ears added to all the lust, she was whispering sweet nothings to, which I can still lightly hear. I was the only one she could trust, being together was a must for both of us. No matter what the weather, our love was forever, and ever, I will remember.

Nevaeh- Nevaeh- I will love you forever and ever, try to remember, even when I am absent from your mind!

Chapter: 27

The Tower Malicious Voice

Mazel Amsel- I have the obsession of destroying Nevaeh, she is so perfect, I cannot stand it! My girls have to be on top, and I am never going to let her be anything, I will make sure of it! That is what I have been doing for years. Nevaeh that no good little pussy licker; even if she knows it is me, she will not be able to ‘Prove it.’ I am just that well-liked by everyone, I am so powerful that no one will ever defeat

me. I am the master manipulator, Nevaeh- yes, she is the tower! She is about for a hundred pounds, unnatural blond hair, lime green glowing eyes, and a voice that bellows! To me, she looks like a bulldog in the face, yet evil wicked witch-like also, yet to everyone else she blends in, to the others she looks as they do, just a normal mom, with normal kids. Yet I think she is crumbling, I think some people are seeing through her veil, because of what happened recently.

Mazel- I have everyone wrapped around my little finger. Likewise, if they do not bow down to me, I will make their life a living hell. That is the way; I have to have it, all the time for Nevaeh! I have to know what she is doing at all times. I have to hack into her social networking and get her pears to think she is a ‘Creep’ and ‘Stocker’ to young girls. So, she has no friends at all. So, my girls can be the supreme of this area, so that they can do as they please, without anyone stopping them from being the best, no

matter what, and from getting what they want, and what I want for them. Besides, foremost I wanted to make sure that she would never date anyone. So, I came up with the story of telling everyone that she was into girls and that she is just plain crazy. I should know my eyes are on her always. I did not want to see her go to proms; I did not want to see her succeed. I did not want her to be loved. I would like to see her die, and not walk away from it.

I have dreamed of ways to kill her repeatedly. Like this one, I would

like to see her be impaled on a sharp wooden stick, starting through her butt hole, and then slowly have gravity have it go up into her delicious miniature body until it hits her brain, and she screams out my girl’s names, as we get what we need. I would love to see a Nevaeh- kabob! I would love to see her stoned out in the open with rocks! I would love to see my girls bite their nipples off with their teeth! I want to see my girl claw her up to head to toe. I hunger to see them scratch her sweet

blue eyes that are so heavenly right out of her face!

I want to see her gush that cobalt blood like a waterfall from her naked sliced-up body. Yes, I want us to torture her any way we can until she says yes to us. We are going to get at anything of hers we can until she comes with us! As we would, all dance around her, as we would light her up, cheerfully for the last time. How I would love to bleach and fry that perfect hair with chemicals. I and we all in our family want to fuck her up

and down anyways we can! Mwah Ha, ha! Yes, Beforehand, we all would kiss, touch, lick, and stick her, and do what we want to get the life from her by sucking away.

We would eat her soul away as it would come down from the heavens then through her body, and into ours, as we would drink it out, the way we do. Yes, yes, hell- yes, I can see it now! Yes, I want her soul! Besides, anything or everything I can get out of her to add to my shrine. We even have a voodoo doll of her with pins in it. I have

a few things of hers like her hymen-damaged red blood tarnished pink polka-dotted gym underwear, and her indigo pantiliner she had on. That my girl ripped off of her in school, the more things we have the more we can control her mind, but I want more!

We want more!

We want and need it all!

Just like the one girl Lily; I have her one hair ribbon; from Nevaeh, I have something far more personal than her underwear, and it is on display

too, and that was her virginity! Who knows that she was a little cock sucker too? How do I have it, you ask? Tee-hee- Will I tell you- how! Now come to think of it, back then my idea was to drive her insane so that she will do it to herself… like she did; by not having anyone to confide in, I wanted that to kill her slowly, that was the plan.

Just like I was the arranger of her first sexual partner. I told him to pound the shit out of her, and pop her cherry so hard and fast, that the next day she could not even walk; plus,

bleed for many days; which is how I got what is on display… I did this so that it would take everything away from her. If my girls do not have it, then neither does she.

I made the schooling system think that she has major problems, from kindergarten up through high school. I will do whatever it takes to have her fall! For the reason that I have to be triumphant! It was a promise that I made to her mother. If I cannot have her mind, body, and soul, no one can. Yeah, now I did not mind putting a

bullet in her father's head, so I would have loved to put one on hers also. Yes, I should have gotten to her way back then, when she was just sitting in her playpens so defenseless.

Then again, I thought what the hell… it would be better to torture her, and make everything in her life a living hell for her! Why should I play god, when I can send the devil to her bed every night! Let’s not forget to mention everybody showed up at her father's house right after the murder that took place. So, I did not have enough time to

complete the job. Oh yes, her mother is a very good friend of mine, and I wanted to make sure that Nevaeh would have nothing. Nothing but pain, misery, and torture from me and my girls. Yes, without her ever knowing, that I was the one causing all the trouble in her life.

That is what her mom wanted me to do. Because Leah detested her dad with a passion after he said- 'I want you out of my life. Pack your G-D bags, and get out, and I am keeping her, and the only way you are going to get her is

over my dead body. You are nothing but a cheap whore!’ Hereafter, she told me, and I took care of it. It was a joy for me to do so! He always thought that he was so damn blameless and desirable and that all the girls around loved him.

Yeah right, I did not want him either, even if he would have wanted me, or asked me out! It all started as a fight about money for diapers and baby food, and things for Nevaeh, yet Leah wanted the money to get the necessities she wanted to get.

No, I do not think that she is high maintenance at all; if she needs a daily hit, well hell, she should go get what she needs. She just wants more, that he would not fund for her. So, if she does not get it, she finds a new man that can, and gets rid of the old goof, she has to get what she needs.

Yes, with us, the first taste is always free, then the debts start piling up, and you have to pay somehow! So, Nevaeh is what I got in a way, for what her mom owes us in supplies also, and he would not pay for her habit. So, I

killed him for that reason also, and that girl will pay too! For not doing what my girls, and I want her to do! In a way, we own her life, and all the lives she is having has now, and had!

That night Leah left him; she threw, and broke every one of his classic rock records, on the floor, and at his face. Then she jumped up and down on them! Before she came to us, good for her, to stay for a while, nearly free of charge, so we placed her in a new town and, we got her the job she

does, yet we get ninety percent of what she makes per- one session.

Oh, Nevaeh- if her mom could not have her to beat on, in her life, then I was going to do it for my girlfriend. If she could not have her in her life, then no one would. Just because she did not get to kill her like her brothers and sisters back then, does not mean she does not deserve to die similarly! I will never back down. No one can ever defeat me! I am all too powerful. Not to mention my girls and their friends will spread the rumors around like the

plague about her, so nobody will ever want to be associated with Nevaeh.

Whoever refuses me will either pay dearly, or they shall die. Who is ever going to stop me, I know for sure she never will, and neither can you! The day she joined in matrimony with that boy, that was for my Alissa, I was beyond livid! I will do my flipping best to stop all of this now… even though she defeated me, by doing it.

Who would have thought the dumb simple-minded Nevaeh, would get the best of me? Nevertheless, as

you know I will get her, I will get everything she has, wants, and wishes. We will get to her soon!

That is a promise!